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LORD FLUTTER,

LORD SPINDLE,

AND

SIR HARRY HOPSCOTCH.



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THE HONEY-BEE'S JUDGMENT.

ONE very fine summer's day, Justice Honey-Pot, one of the bee family, sat as judge to hear the complaints of his neighbors. Among them was Lord and Lady Flutter, of the butterfly, and Lord and Lady Spindle, of the longleg tribes; also, Sir Harry Hopscotch, of the grasshoppers, and Benjamin Buz, of the bluebottle society, with many others of the moths, horse-stingers, and house-fly. Old Master Drowsy, the beetle, acted as constable, to keep order, assisted by neighbour Wasp. Lady Scarlet, the ladybird, and Sir William Whirligig of the cockchafer race were also there. Old Uncle Ant, the warehousekeeper and provision merchant was there, but came in his working suit. but all the others were dressed in fine clothes, and strange enough they looked, as the picture shows us—long thin legs in boots and spurs, with fine bonnets, feathers, veils, watches, eye-glasses, and riding whips, which looked foolish enough. The next page will explain why they had met together. At the same time, let it teach you this lesson: to be careful of your own conduct by the following



MORAL.

Always do as you're bid by your parent or friend;
Other's faults which you see, in yourself try to mend.





BUTTERFLY'S PRIDE.

Lord Butterfly Flutter spoke first, but he strutted about to show his fine coat: his lady acted very foolishly, for they were both vain of their fine dresses. "I am sure," said he, "we have the finest dresses of the company—we are quite harmless—we never injure any one, and yet no creature is so ill treated. Greedy birds fly after me, wicked boys buffet me about; even ladies try to catch us in fine nets to kill us, and put us on a pin for the sake of our beauty: yet I have no way to defend myself, and no one to defend me. Surely, I have a right to complain." "You mistake yourself," said Justice Honey-Pot. One part of your life is passed in mischief, another part in idleness and folly and another part in helplessness. When you are a grub, you are useless—when a caterpillar, you devour all in your way—when you are a butterfly, you think of nothing but showing your gay dress, which will not keep off a shower of rain, or keep you from the cold. Go, silly vain creature! you have no claim either to our friendship or esteem." The Lord and Lady Flutter went off in a tiff, saying "It was only envy that caused the spiteful Bee to treat us so." Away went these giddy creatures, and we shall see presently what became of them.



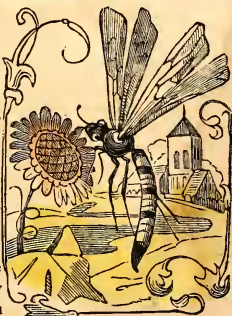
MORAL.

Be not offended with the truth, and try to conquer pride:
Waste not, nor trifle with your time, nor fib your faults to hide.



THE BLUEBOTTLE ON HORSEBACK.

Bluebottle Buz next stepped out in his rakish riding dress, and said in a very saucy voice, "We don't all make honey, as friend Honey-Pot does, and we don't all use it. For my part, I like the sweets of life, but I like other people to work for them. Now, friend Honey-Pot he likes to work for others; then they smother him, and take the fruits of his labor. B. my boots and spurs! Rust my bright buttons! but I call it very simple; gentlemen of my stamp have no notion of living for any body but ourselves." Then slapping his boots, putting his glass to his eye, and cocking his hat, he laughed in Honey-Pot's face; who replied, "You rouse my pity more than my anger. Selfish, worthless creature, you feed on the most filthy food, you go to the dirtiest places, you keep the worst company, you rob every body, befriend nobody—you are a wretched maggot. One part of your life in danger of the fish-hook—the other part you are a saucy blow-fly, in danger of the fly-flap and the spider's web." "Fiddle-de-dee!" said Bluebottle—and mounting a greon dragon-fly, which was ready saddled and bridled—whisk he was off in a canter, whipping and spurring all the way. But we shall hear of him again in the course of our story.



MORAL.

Be sure you never think too much of yourself, or what you do;
If of yourself you think too much, folks won't think much of you.







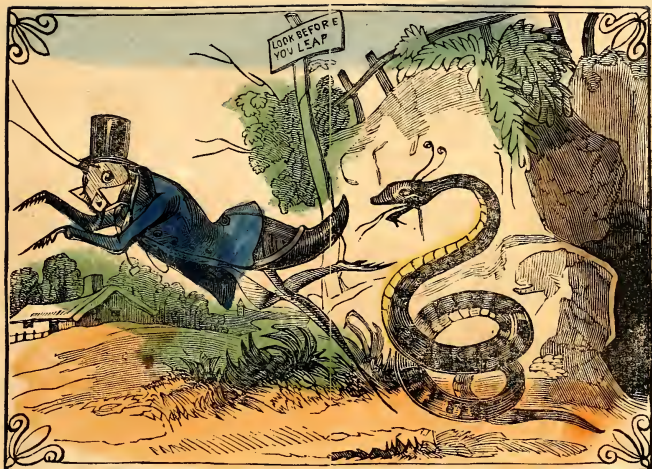
A GAME AT LEAP-FROG.

Sir Harry Hopscotch, the grasshopper, who wore a harlequin's dress of many colors, in place of his green coat, said with a laughing sneer, "I suppose it is useless for a funny fellow like myself to speak in such wise matters. I am more for fun than mischief, hopping about here and there and every where—always jumping about, and that makes me a very unsettled fellow. I am too fond of play to like work—and though friend Honey Pot is a maker of honey, he is not so sweet-tempered as I am, for he wears a sharp sword, and has a bad temper, and is sure to use it at the least affront. But I am a match for him, for I have a light heart, a nimble pair of heels, and a hop, step, and a jump takes me out of my troubles." "Stop! stop! my friend," said Honey-Pot, "you are not the worst among the bad, and don't make me worse than I am. If I do wear a sword, I only use it in a proper way; and if I am not sweet-tempered, I let others enjoy the sweets of my labours: and let me give you this good advice. You are fond of leaping, but look before you leap, and mind how you jump, for there are snakes in the grass, and snakes eat grasshoppers; mind that you don't jump out of the frying-pan into the fire." "Twiddle twaddle," said the grasshopper, "make us a back, friend hoppy;" and away they went, playing leap-frog, full of glee. But we shall see how they got on before we finish.



MORAL.

An unsettled mind is ever at a loss,
As sure as a rolling stone gathers no moss.



THE BREAKING-UP.

Sir Whirligig Cockchafer next stepped out, and said in a melancholy tone, "I am sure my case is a very sad one. In the first place, I am nearly blind; in the next place, my body is too heavy for my wings, and I cannot fly far or swift, so that I am always in danger of being devoured by birds, or buffeted about by little boys and girls, who cruelly run a pin in my wing to make me spin." Lady Scarlet next made a complaint: she was followed by others, for all had something to complain of; when old Uncle Ant said, "I have come here not to complain, but to give advice and assistance to all who are not too proud or conceited to accept them. You now find out," said he, "we all have some trouble to put up with; yet much of that trouble is of

our own making, by being too idle or proud, or giddy, or false, or cruel, or some vice which injures our neighbour, and that is certain to injure ourselves. My advice is to correct these faults—then you will make your troubles less, and your pleasures more; but it is useless to complain of any thing without trying to alter it.

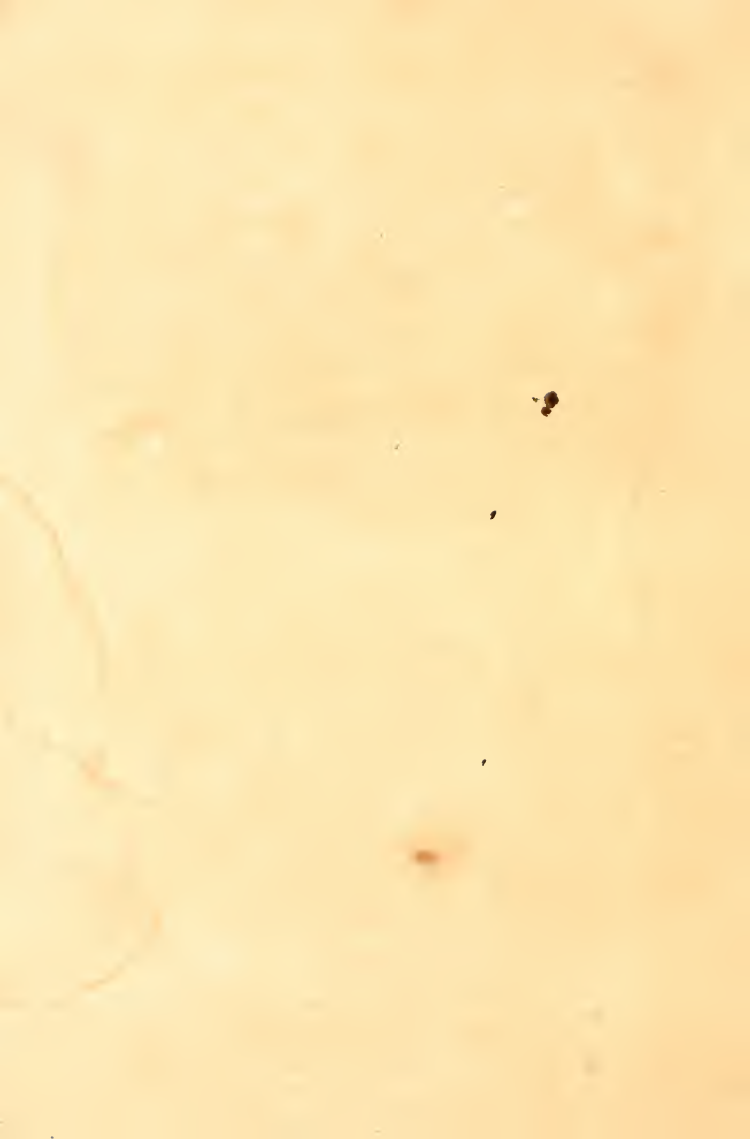


MORAL.

Give what you can, and kindness don't deny.

And never say "I can't, until you try.

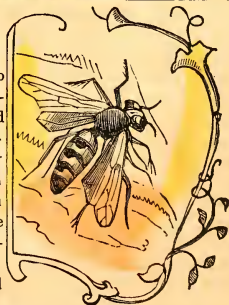
We cannot count those wise, who counsel do despise.





FRIENDS IN NEED.

They all said it was very good advice, and promised to follow it; and after thanking old Uncle Ant, they all departed but Honey-Pot, Wasp, and old Uncle, and they resolved to go and look for the giddy grasshoppers, the vain butterflies, and the saucy bluebottle tribe. "For," said Honey Pot, "these thoughtless creatures may be saved from death by being released out of troubles their folly has placed them in." "True," said the Wasp. "both you and me are armed; and though we often draw our swords on our enemies, that is no reason why we should not draw them for our friends." "And I," said old Uncle, "will go home and prepare something to comfort them, if you bring them to my warehouse; so what with your courage and my attention, we may be able to do some good. Let us part at once, and give them a good cause to repent of bad actions." So saying, they parted, leaving old drowsy, the Beetle, so tired with his day's work, it was impossible to wake him: and the next page will show how they got on.



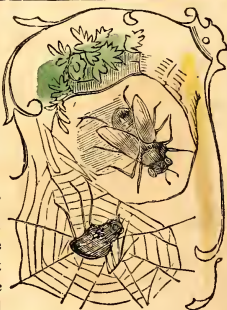
M O R A L.

If you would be a friend indeed,
 || Be a friend to those that are in need.



JUST AS IT SHOULD BE

Old Uncle Ant had not got far before he came to the home of the hopscotch tribe—there they were full of glee—some were skipping, some at long-rope, at leap-frog, and some dancing the Polka. “Look! look!” said old Uncle. “Do you not see that snake coming among you?” And sure enough it was as Uncle said, “Go away to my warehouse and hide yourselves, and take better care of good advice:” and away they went as fast as they could scamper. Honey-Pot found Lord and Lady Flutter quite exhausted on the ground, and gave them some honey; it refreshed them, and they followed him to old Uncle’s, while the Bluebottle had settled on different glasses of wine and



sweets, until he was quite stupid; and without knowing it, flew plump into a spider’s web when the Wasp came up just in time, and stung the Spider as he was going to seize the Bluebottle. They all met at old Uncle’s, and forgave each other over and over again—there was such kissing and shaking hands—such bowing and scraping, that old Uncle Ant gave them a feast. “But,” said he, “while we are enjoying the sweets of plenty, remember it is the fruits of frugality and industry, as misery and want is the consequence of idleness and waste.

M O R A L .

Be ever ready to forgive, but never to offend;
Take care you never make a foe, but try and make a friend.

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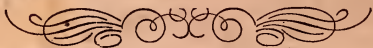
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